

"STUDY TO PLEASE."



A youth in the meadow,
With nothing to tease,
Who works for his pleasure,
Will study to please.

That is just what we are doing, and if you are in want of anything in our line, we are sure you will be more than pleased, both as to quality of goods and prices.

WEISS,

Bon-Ton Hatter and Furnisher,
5 Salem Avenue S. W.
Sept 23-6m

AN

Unprecedented Offer.

To any six sober, intelligent and industrious men, between the ages of 21 and 35, who will take a course of instruction in

GARMENT CUTTING,

I will start them in business.

D. G. REVERE,

Proprietor and Principal of the New South Cutting School,
107 Salem Avenue.
7 14 tf

WILL REMOVE.

On or about June 20 we will move into building now occupied by First National Bank, cor. Salem avenue and Henry street, and in order to reduce our stock we will slash prices right and left.

MEALS & BURKE.

The Clothiers.

4 16m

ROANOKE STEAM DYE WORKS.

All kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing cleaned and dyed.

Gloss removed from gentlemen's clothes by the Devon process. Phone 229.

104 Campbell Street.

Jas. Devon

PROPRIETOR. Jan 14 tf

You Can Stop a Cough at any time with

DOCTOR
ACKER'S
ENGLISH
REMEDY.
IT WILL CURE A COLD IN TWELVE HOURS;

A 25 cent Bottle may save you \$100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life. Ask your Druggist for it. IT TASTES GOOD.

PURE PINK PILLS.
Dr. Acker's English Pills
CURE BILIOUSNESS.

Small, pleasant, a favorite with the ladies.
W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, N. Y.
Jan 13-17 to 4th sat

THE BEST PLACE.

HUSBAND, LOQUUTUR.

Where shall we go this summer,
When the weather's close and hot?
Shall we seek in the breezy mountains
A cool, sequestered spot?
Or shall we go to the ocean,
And bask on the shining sand?
We had better prepare for summer,
Because it is near at hand.

I think 't would be lovely sailing
At night on the star-gemmed lake,
And to have the lark at morning
Inform us 't's time to wake;
And think of the pleasant picnics
In the woodlands dark and still,
And think of the jolly straw-rides
O'er many a moonlit hill.

Way down in the sunny meadow
We can walk o'er the new-mown hay,
And hear the song of the mower,
And the wild-bird's blithe lay.
We shall have fresh milk and butter,
And when the summer is through,
We'll come back, browned, to the city,
And feel just as good as new.

Then where shall it be—Bar Harbor,
Lake Umbagog or Cape May,
Great Barrington or Lake Placid,
Where we'll pass the summer away?
Come, tell me, wife, for 't's high time
To write for rooms, understand?
For soon they will all be taken—
The summer is here at hand.

WIFE REPLIES.

There's one thing I'm going to tell you,
Just once for all, and that
Is this: We'll remain this summer
Right here in our cozy flat.
I had all the fun I wanted
Last year in the heated spell;
I'd rather live well in our own home
Than starve in a grand hotel.

I'm always content and happy
Right here in the snug home nest,
But when from it I am absent
My mind is never at rest.
I'm thinking of this and that thing,
And how all is going on,
And to get back I'm always longing,
As much as yourself, dear John.

What, leave our home for the mountains,
In the heated term, or the sea?
No, no, 't's as dear in the summer
As in the winter to me.
In August and in December
Contentedly I can rest,
Right under our happy roof-tree,
Right here in our dear home nest.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in N. Y. Ledger

AN OUTLAW.

The Story of an Illicit Distiller and His Child.



HOLD your hands up, Eli!"
The tall form bending over the little crib by the stove rose from its kneeling position with the hands raised above the head.
"All right, Harley, you've got me; I'll be with you in a few moments. Allie's sick. The words fell sadly from the man's lips; there was a wistful look in the deep-set eyes resting upon the tiny creature in the crib.

The group about the doorway faltered and failed to enter the ruder structure into which their leader had intruded with drawn revolvers. It was a curious scene, one perhaps which would not have been met outside of the mountains of Georgia. It was the interior of a moonshiner's lowly cabin. Eli Bargy had been under suspicion for several months; the little still had been located in a ravine down the side of the mountain, and the officers, after confiscating the plant, had moved in a body further up the mountain to arrest the owner, Bargy.

"You'll have to come with us, Eli," spoke the man who stood just inside the doorway, a revolver in each hand. "Yes, I know, Harley. I'll go with you in a moment. There, good girl, she'll be all right in the morning." Eli bent and patted the brown head of the woman kneeling upon the other side of the crib. Then, recollecting himself, he said as he stood up again with his hands raised:

"I forgot, Harley; the lady's been sick, is sick now, and the little woman is in trouble. I'll worry her to stay here alone with little Allie."
"Eli, say good-by and come."
"In a minute, just a minute. Yes, I'll go. The baby is breathing easier now."



THE BARS WERE RENT AWAY FROM THE SOCKETS.

Little woman, rest easy; she'll get well. Now I am ready, Harley."
The moonshiner came forward and reached out his hands; but, oh! there was such a sorrow in the depths of his eyes, such unspeakable misery in the tones of his voice, that the officer said, as he concealed his weapons:
"I understand this case, Eli. I am human, I hope. I'll go outside with the men and give you five minutes alone with your wife and child."
"Thank you, Harley; you need not fear, for you can trust me. You are a square man."
Harley closed the door as he went out; he told his men the situation. A couple of them said that it was foolish in him to trust a moonshiner; but the rest agreed that their leader had done right. They had a wife and children at home.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

After the five minutes had passed the door opened and Eli Bargy came out with his hat upon his head. There was a trace of sadness about his eyes and a teardrop or two glistened upon his beard. Reaching out his hands he said:

"Put on the irons, Harley. I could have made a fight for it; but I didn't feel like shedding blood—and Allie, my baby, so sick."

The irons were placed upon the man's wrists, and he was led away from all that he held dear in this life. Led away to prison, taken to a place that was almost like death to this man, who, though a lawbreaker, left his heart in the little cabin of the mountain side.

Ah! how long the days seemed to him, and how long the silent hours of the night dragged on.

Ten days passed, and Eli Bargy had heard no word from his sick baby and distressed wife. How vividly his home came up before him as he tossed upon his prison bed. How cruelly he had wronged his good little wife by placing her in such a trying situation. Ah! if he had only stuck to what was lawful; but it was too late now—too late.

In two days' time he would be tried. Two days only! What might they not bring forth?

It was night, the tenth night he had spent behind the doors of the prison. It was to him like ten years.

The rain fell upon the uplifted face of the moonshiner as he pressed his forehead against the bars and looked out upon the night. There was not a thing without that was not free. The



HE BENT CLOSELY OVER.

whippoorwill in the magnolia tree was free, but its notes came to the moonshiner's ear like knells of despair. The sobbing of the wind and the whispers of the rustling leaves brought to him the sad murmurs of woe. How his hands clinched the bars, and how from the depths of his bosom came his words:
"Allie, Allie, my little baby! Are you better, worse, dying?"

And the voices of the night came to him out of the dark shadows without and sobbed:

"Dying, dying, dying!"
The man started as though struck with a bullet. He sank upon his knees, bowed his head in his hands and wept like a child.

"Allie, my baby—my baby!" came from his lips.

Then he started to his feet; his hands gripped the bars. They were firm; he could not move them. "Dying, dying, dying!" again came the whispering voices of the night. And when the agony of the whippoorwill's notes followed, a superhuman strength from some unseen power was forced into the man's muscles and the bars were sent away from the sockets like weak weeds. Freedom was before him—and Allie, his baby.

The next morning when the jailer made his rounds he found that the moonshiner had escaped. The alarm was quickly given and a posse of men soon followed the trail leading up to Eli Bargy's cabin. Some of the men said that it was foolish to expect to find him there, but Harley, the leader, thought different.

The cabin was reached after a long, wearisome ride. There was no sign of life without, and the men drew up about the door while Harley approached and rapped upon it.

"Come in."

"That's Eli's voice," came from one of the men as he drew a revolver. "Put that up, Jim. Unless I am wrong there will be no need for force," said Harley, as he lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"Eli!"

"Hush! Allie is dying!" fell inter-ruptingly from the moonshiner's lips. Upon a pillow lay the little form of the baby and above it bent the shaken figure of the escaped prisoner. By his side stood his stricken wife, sobbing and wringing her hands.

"You've escaped us, Eli."

"You are a good man, Harley. Do not speak; a word may rob my baby of a breath of air. Poor little Allie!" Harley bowed his head, folded his arms, and leaned against the door which he had closed.

"Poor little baby! Little woman, may God care for you! See, she breathes slower. Don't die, Allie! Don't die, my baby!"

The man lifted the pillow up and carried the little form to the light. He bent closely over it; he put his ear next to the baby's lips. Then a flash of sunshine fell upon the little one's face, and when it faded it took with it the life of the child.

"Allie—is dead!" Eli laid the pillow

back in the crib and held his wife close to him while she sobbed.

"Eli, when you get ready come back to the jail. I'm not the man to take you there. Your trial is on for to-morrow," said Harley, as he laid his hand upon the latch.

"I will be there; you can trust me, Harley," came softly from the grief-stricken man's lips.

Harley went out and explained the situation to his men, and they rode away without the prisoner.

The next day, when the trial of the moonshiner was called, Eli Bargy entered the courtroom. His form trembled like a reed when he leaned upon the rail and pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him.—H. S. Keller, in N. Y. Independent.

A Selfish Girl.

Nellie—That Clara De Note is just the meanest, most utterly selfish girl I ever saw. She never thinks of anyone but herself.

Dora—Do tell!

Nellie—Yes. I ran in there the other evening for a few moments, and while I was there Mr. Niccelfo called. Well, it wasn't long before he requested her to play. He's passionately fond of music, you know. Well, what do you think that girl did? She asked him to come to the piano and turn the music for her, just so I couldn't talk to him.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Welcome Guest.

Mother—How did you happen to take dinner with Tommy Traddles?
Young Heir—Mrs. Traddles invited me.

"Didn't you ask her to?"
"No'm."

"Did Tommy ask her?"
"No, ma'am; he only told her it would be a good thing for her to keep me, 'cause as long as I was there you wouldn't have anybody to send over to borrow things."—Good News.

After the Theatricals.

Hamlet Jones—In which act did you like me best, Miss Caustique?
Miss Caustique—I thought you were especially good in the second act, Mr. Jones.

Hamlet Jones—The second act! Why I didn't appear in that act at all! Miss Caustique—Just so. That was when I liked your acting best.—Household Monthly.

Ecclesiastical Item.

Teacher—What are the names of the seven days of the week?
Boy—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Teacher—That's only six days. You have missed one. When does your mother go to church?
Boy—When pa buys her a new hat.—Texas Sittings.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

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\$8.00 SUITS.
\$5.00 SUITS.
\$1.00 PANTS.

Our competitors would make a great fuss charging you \$10 to \$15 for suits that we are selling at \$8.

One glance at our \$5 men's suits would convince you that we are the low-priced clothiers of Roanoke.

We are offering great bargains in boys' and children's clothing.

We may still have your size in pants that we are selling at \$1.

THIS WEEK

We shall offer you great bargains in Hats.

DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU SEE THE

PHILADELPHIA

One-Price Clothing House.

mch 22-6m

CIDER! CIDER!! CIDER!!!

CLARET CIDER,

CRAB APPLE CIDER,

PIPPIN APPLE CIDER,

—AT—

R. J. Eckloff's,

No. 21 Jefferson Street.

Finest assortment of Canned Goods in the city.
Shafer's Hams, finest in the city. Call and see me.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

OCEAN VIEW HOTEL,

OCEAN VIEW, VA.

Surf Bathing, Fishing, Boating, &c.
Eight miles by rail from Norfolk.
Close connection with all trains. Leave Norfolk 7:30, 10:30 a. m.; 12:45, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 and 9:00 p. m. Address
JAS. L. WILLIAMS,
Manager.

ROCKLEDGE

HOTEL AND OBSERVATORY, on the summit of Mill Mountain, 2 1/2 miles from, 900 feet above, N. and W. station at Roanoke, Va. The FINEST SUMMER RESORT in Virginia—Grand and extensive scenery—capacious porches, neatly furnished rooms, beautifully laid out grounds.

The observatory commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles, including the Peaks of Otter. Guests of the hotel admitted to the observatory free. Board by the day, week or month. Good stabling. Special menus to parties.

E. A. LEWIS, Manager.

P. O. Box 166, Roanoke, Va. 5 22 1m

NYE LITHIA SPRINGS,

WYTHEVILLE, VA.

Elevation, 2,360 feet above sea level; mean temperature, 52 degrees. Entire freedom from all malarial and febrile diseases.

Both Lithia and Chalybeate Springs, acknowledged to be the finest in the United States for purity and strength. Many certificates of cure of diseases of stomach, indigestion, Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism, gravel, dropsy, nervousness, insomnia, etc. Fine hotel accommodations. NYE LITHIA SPRINGS CO., Wytheville, Va. Waters on draught at Christian & Barbee's drugstore, Roanoke. 5 5 ta, th & su, 3m

COYNER'S

White, Black and Blue Sulphur and Chalybeate Springs.

Under New Management. Thoroughly renovated, furnished and repaired. Bathrooms. Billiards. Finest Liquors. Excellent Table. No expense spared. Open June 15.

ALEXANDER & CO. 6 7 tf

BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

SUMMIT BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

Eleven miles east of Roanoke. On the Norfolk and Western railroad. Twentieth Consecutive Summer Season Under Same Management.

6 1 3m PHIL F. BROWN.

Roanoke Artificial Stone Works

Guarantee all their pavements for five years or longer. See pavements that passed through winter in front of Bell Printing Co.'s office, front of Catogni's grocery and elsewhere. Also dealers in curb stone, steps, platforms, dimension stone, &c. Address.

WILLIAM McCARTY,

Roanoke, Va.

Jan 13-17

FINANCIAL.

H. J. VON HEMERT. G. L. BOISSEvain.

von Hemert & Co.,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS,

30 Campbell street s. w.,

ROANOKE, VA